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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

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Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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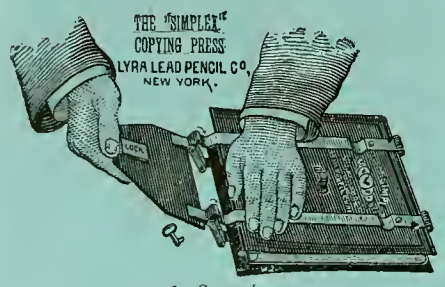

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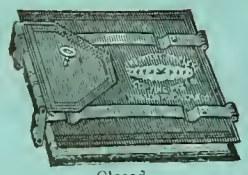

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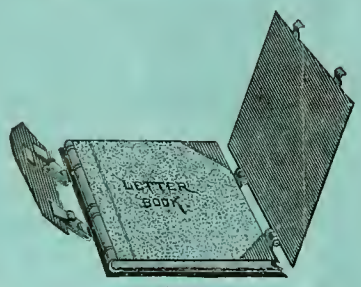

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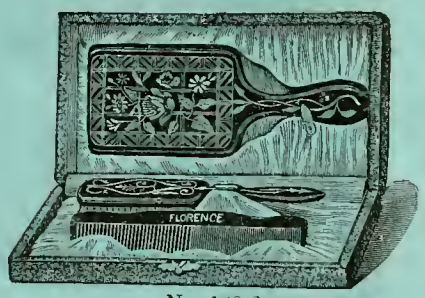

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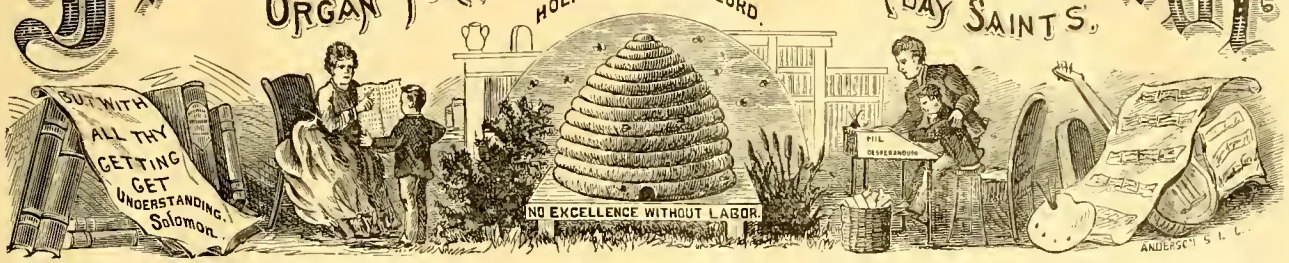


VOL. XXII. SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1887. NO. 23.

A SERPENT OF BRASS.

THE accompanying illustration represents an incident in the experience of the children of Israel after their remarkable deliverance by the Lord, from their bondage to the Egyptians. Being released from the power of Pharaoh they were led by Moses, under God's direction, into the wilderness. Here they were preserved and blessed to an astonishing degree, and they witnessed very many miracles; but notwithstanding all this they often murmured both against Moses and the Lord, because of what they endured. Indeed much of their suffering was only the result of their hard-heartedness and disobedience.

The event here portrayed occurred after the Canaanites had been overcome and destroyed by the Israelites. They then journeyed "by way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom: and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." Doubtless these people found many obstacles in the path of their progress just as the Latter-day Saints did when they traveled towards these mountains; many things tried their faith, and it can be easily imagined that they frequently felt almost as though their Heavenly Father had forsaken them. This was not, however, sufficient cause for their murmurings, because so many examples had the

Lord given them of His power and willingness to protect them, that they should not, even under the most extreme trials, have doubted Him. Nevertheless they yielded to this unholy spirit.

And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? For there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.

These murmurings displeased God and He therefore permitted fiery serpents to come among the people. These bit many of those who had complained, and thereby a great number died. This affliction soon brought the Israelites to repentance; they speedily began to realize wherein their safety and deliverance was to be found and they turned from their evil ways. The record says:

Therefore, the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that He take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people.

The sorrow for wrong-doing is what always pleases the Lord, and this repentance of Israel, though brought about by suffering, evidently satisfied Him for He prepared a way of escape. Moses was commanded and he made a serpent of brass and placed it upon a pole. Those who were bitten by the serpents that had made their way into the camp could, by looking upon the brazen serpent, be saved from death. Thus many were spared through their repentance and obedience to the command of Him against whom they had murmured.

This serpent made by Moses and which brought relief to the children of Israel was subsequently held in high esteem by their posterity. In fact, they sinned in burning incense to it. They called it Nehushtan. This was about seven hundred and twenty-six years after Moses had made it. When Hezekiah began to reign in Jerusalem, he being a righteous man perceived the abomination of the people in regard to this serpent and therefore by his order it was destroyed.

Infidels may scoff at this incident and ridicule the belief that by looking upon a brazen serpent anyone could be saved from death. What power, may be asked, existed in the brass to relieve suffering. Certainly there was nothing in the metal that had been shaped by Moses to bring the desired relief, no more than there was power in the clear water of Jordan to free Naaman, the leper from his loathsome disease. The desired blessing in both cases was obtained by obedience to the will of God as made known through His servants. And thus it is with many favors which God bestows—He requires some act on our part which seemingly has no bearing whatever upon the matter under consideration, and yet our obedience to the requirement brings us the coveted blessing. Consequently everything that is asked of us by our Father in heaven should receive our prompt and careful attention, and no command ever given by Him should for a moment be considered of slight importance.

Growth of the Brain.—The human brain reaches its greatest weight between the ages of fourteen and twenty in both sexes; after that it grows continually smaller through life. "While intelligence is rapidly increasing from twenty to sixty years of age, the brain is diminishing. The time that a man knows most is from seventy to eighty; but then his brain is smaller than when he was a boy between seven and fourteen, the age when he thought he knew the most."

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

BY J. T. F.

LET me tell you, my young friends, some of the things I would do if I were a boy again; some of the too often neglected acts I would strive to accomplish if it were in my power to begin all over anew.

When we are no longer young, we look back and see where we might have done better and learned more, and the things we have neglected rise up and mortify us every day of our lives.

I would accustom myself to go about in the dark, and not be obliged to have a lamp or candle on every occasion. Too many of us are slaves to the daylight, and decline to move forward an inch, without everything is visible. One of the most cheerful persons I ever knew was a blind old man, who had lost his sight by an accident at sea during his early manhood. He went everywhere, and could find things more easily than I could. When his wife wanted a spool of cotton, or a pair of scissors from up-stairs, the gallant old gentleman went without saying a word, and brought it. He never asked any one to reach him this or that object, but seemed to have the instinct of knowing just where it was and how to get at it.

Surprised at his power of finding things, I asked him one day for an explanation, and he told me that when he was a boy on board a vessel, it occurred to him that he might some time or other be deprived of sight, and he resolved to begin early in life to rely more on a sense of feeling than he had ever done before. And so he used to wander, by way of practice, all over the ship in black midnight, going down below, and climbing around anywhere and everywhere, that he might in case of blindness not become wholly helpless and of no account in the world. In this way he had educated himself to do without eyes when it became his lot to live a sightless man.

I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up.

What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to *make something*, as the saying is; to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper; or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there. Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight, and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation.

It is a pleasant relaxation from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool-shop; and the learned and lovable Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things," when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before. He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet; but there is nothing *mechanical* about his poetry, as you all know who have read his delightful pieces. An English author of great repute said not long ago, "Prof. Holmes is writing the best English of our time." And I could not help adding, "Yes, and inventing the best stereoscopes, too!"

I think I would ask permission—if I happened to be born in a city—to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees, and

flowers, and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all *accurate* rural knowledge. We guess at many country things, but we are *certain* of very few.

It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like an amiable neighbor of mine, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres, in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a cat-bird. He once handed me a bunch of pansies, and called them violets, and on another occasion he mistook sweet peas for geraniums.

What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird-music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name? When we go to the opera, we are fully posted up with regard to all the principal singers, and why should we know nothing of the owners of voices that far transcend the vocal powers of Jenny Lind and Christine Neilson?

A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse, tinker up a wagon, feed the animals, and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after life as an explorer or a traveler, when unlooked-for emergencies befall him. I have seen an ex-President of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage, and re-arrange buckles and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in a kind of hopeless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done. The ex-President said he had learned about such matters on a farm in his boyhood, and so he was never at loss for remedies on the road when his carriage broke down.

I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives us more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it naturally in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay, and sooner or later we contract a disease called *insomnia*, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us; and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.

If I were a boy again, I would have a blank-book in which I could record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book, and faithfully put down what happened to interest me.

On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them, and if the horse fell ill, down should go his malady in my book, and what cured him should go there too. If the cat or the dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary, and nothing worth recording should escape me.

There are hundreds of things I would correct in my life if I were a boy again, and among them is this especial one: I would be more careful of my teeth. Seeing since I have grown up how much suffering is induced by the bad habit of constantly eating candies and other sweet nuisances, I would shut my mouth to all allurements of that sort. Very hot or very cold substances I would studiously avoid.

Toothache in our country is one of the national crimes. Half the people we meet have swelled faces. The dentist thrives here as he does in no other land on this planet, and it is because we begin to spoil our teeth at the age of five or six years. A child, eight years old, asked me not long ago if I could recommend him to a dentist "who didn't hurt!" I pitied him, but I was unacquainted with such an artist. They all hurt, and they cannot help it.

I would have no dealings with tobacco, in any form, if I were a boy again. My friend Pipes tells me he is such a martyr to cigar-boxes that his life is a burden. The habit of smoking has become such a tyrant over him that he carries a tobacco bowsprit at his damp, discolored lips every hour of the day, and he begs me to warn all the boys of my acquaintance, and say to them emphatically, "Don't learn to smoke!" He tells me, sadly, that his head is sometimes in such a dizzy whirl, and his brain so foul from long habits of smoking he cannot break off, that he is compelled to forego much that is pleasant in existence, and live a tobacco-tortured life from year to year. Poor Pipes! he is a sad warning to young fellows who are just learning to use the dirty, unmannerly weed.

Many more things occur to me that I would strive to accomplish if I were a boy again, but this chapter is long enough already.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

BY G. B.

Do you follow the plow as a matter of choice?
  Do you sow? Do you reap? Do you mow?
When the harvest-time comes, does it make you rejoice?
  Are you blest with rewards as you go?
Do you often say fail when your neighbors succeed?
  Are you crowded by failures? Then stop:
Study why thus it is. To climb high is your need.
  There is plenty of room at the top.

Do you stand at the forge from the morn till the night,
  And give shape to the sharp ringing steel?
Does the world, at all times, seem to be with you right?
  Or the pangs of grim want do you feel?
Your profession is good: the fault is in you.
  If it seems there's no place for your shop—
If others climb high, you must higher aim, too,
  There is plenty of room at the top.

Do you move in the circles of science or art?
  Do positions of honor you fill?
Do the noblest of schools train your mind and your heart
  To do your life calling with skill?
Do the good and the wise seek to make you their guest?
  Or do they, from their lists, your name drop?
Climb high, if you want the position that's best—
  There is plenty of room at the top.

If you toil with your hands, with your mind, with your heart,
  If you strive for a name that will live,
You must bend to the work. You must choose the good part.
  The best aims a coronet give.
Live a life that is true, leave all grossness below,
  On the rounds of life's ladder ne'er stop,
Heaven's bells ring above you, and seraph feet glow,
  There is glory undimmed at the top.

A SACRED HISTORY.

External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS A. SHREEVE.

Chapter XIV. (Concluded.)

OF a festival of the Winter solstice, the date and further particulars are given by the Vatican codex as follows:

The name Panquetzuliztli, of the Mexican month that began on the first of December, means, being interpreted, "The elevation of banners." For, on the first day of December, every person raised over his house a small paper flag in honor of this god of battle; and the captains and soldiers sacrificed those that they had taken prisoners in war, who before they were sacrificed, being set at liberty, and being presented with arms equal to their adversaries, were allowed to defend themselves till they were either vanquished or killed, and thus sacrificed. The Mexicans celebrated in this month the festival of their first Captain, Vichilopuchitl. They celebrated at this time the festival of the wafer or cake. They made a cake of the meal of bledos, which is called *tzoalli*, and having made it they spoke over it in their manner and broke it into pieces. These the high priest put into certain very clean vessels, and with a thorn of Meguey, which resembles a thick needle, he took up with the utmost reverence single morsels, and put them into the mouth of each individual, in the manner of a communion, and I am willing to believe that these poor people have had the knowledge of our mode of communion or preaching of the gospel; or perhaps the devil, most envious of the honor of G d, may have led them into this superstition in order that by this ceremony he might be adored and served as Christ, our Lord. On the twenty-first of December they celebrated the festival of this god, through whose instrumentality, they say, the earth became again visible after it had become drowned with the waters of the deluge; they therefore kept this festival during the twenty following days; in which they offered sacrifices to him.

Bancroft says:

One of the most remarkable emblems of Maya worship, in the estimation of the conquerors was the cross, which has also been noticed in other parts of Central America and in Mexico, although less prominently than here. Among the many conjectures as to its origin it is supposed that it was received from Spaniards who were wrecked on the coast before Cordova discovered Yucatan, as, for instance, the pions Aguilar, Cortez' interpreter; but this would not account for the crosses that existed in other parts of Central America. The natives had a tradition, however, which placed the introduction of the cross a few years before the conquest. Among the many prophets who arose at that time was one who predicted the coming of a strange people from the direction of the rising sun, who would bring with them a monotheistic faith having the cross for its emblem. He admonished them to accept the new religion, and erected a cross as a token of his prophecy. Another tradition states that a very handsome man passed through the country and left the cross as a memento, and this many of the padres readily believed, declaring this personage to be none other than the wanderer St. Thomas.

In "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by Kersey Graves, I find the following:

Quexalcote of Mexico crucified, 587 B. C.

Historical authority, relative to the crucifixion of this Mexican god, and to his execution upon the cross as a propiatory sacrifice for the sins of mankind, is explicit, unequivocal, and ineffaceable. The evidence is tangible, and indelibly engraven upon steel and metal plates. One of these plates represents him as having been crucified on a mountain; another represents him as having been crucified in the heavens, as Saint Justin tells us Christ was. According to another writer, he is sometimes represented as having been nailed to a cross, and by other accounts as hanging with a cross in his hand. The "Mexican Antiquities," (Vol VI, page 166) says, "Quexalcote is represented in the paintings of 'Codex Borgianus' as nailed to the cross." Sometimes two thieves are represented as having been crucified with him. That the advent of this crucified savior and Mexican god was long anterior to the era of Christ, is admitted by Christian writers, as we have shown elsewhere. In the work above named, "Codex Borgianus," may be found the account, not only of his crucifixion, but of his death, burial, descent into hell, and resurrection on the third day. And another work, entitled "Codex Vaticanus," contains the story of his immaculate birth by a virgin mother by the name of Chimalman. Many other incidences are found related of him in his sacred biography, in which we find the most striking counterparts to the more modern gospel story of Jesus Christ, such as His forty days' temptation and fasting, His riding on an ass. His purification in the temple, His baptism and regeneration by water, His forgiving of sins, being anointed with oil, etc. "All these things, and many more, found related of this Mexican god in their sacred books," says Lord Kingsborough (a Christian writer) "are curious and mysterious."

According to Anatonæ, "The ancient Peruvians, after sacrificing a lamb, mingled his blood with flour and distributed it among the people."

In "Curious myths," by S. Baring Gould, M. A., is a chapter on the legend of the cross, of which I extract the following paragraphs:

In the depths of the forests of Central America is a ruined city. It was not inhabited at the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. They discovered the temples and palaces of Chiapa, but of Palenque they knew nothing. According to tradition it was founded by Votan in the ninth century before the Christian era. The principal building of Palenque is the palace, 228 feet long, by 180 feet, and 40 feet high. The eastern facade has fourteen doors opening on a terrace, with bass-reliefs between them. A noble tower rises above the courtyard in the center. In this building are several small temples or chapels, with altars standing. At the back of one of these altars is a slab of gypsum, on which are sculptured two figures standing, one on each side of a cross to which one is extending his hands with an offering of a baby or a monkey. The cross is surrounded with rich featherwork, and ornamental chains.

The style of sculpture, and the accompanying hieroglyphic inscriptions, leave no room for doubting it to be a heathen representation. Above the cross is a bird of peculiar character, perched, as we saw the eagle Nisroch, on a cross upon a Babylonish cylinder. The same cross is represented on old pre-Mexican MSS., as in the Dresden codex, and that in the possession of Herr Fejervary, at the end of which is a colossal cross, in the midst of which is represented a bleeding deity, and figures stand around a tau cross, upon which is perched the sacred bird.

The cross was also used in the north of Mexico. It occurs among the Mixtecas and Queredaro. Signenza speaks of an Indian cross which was found in the cave of Mixteca Baja. Among the ruins on the island of Zapatero in Lake Nicaragua were also found old crosses reverenced by the Indians. White marble crosses were found in the island of St. Ulloa, on its discovery. In the state of Oaxaca, the Spaniards found that wooden crosses were erected as sacred symbols, so also in Aguatolco, and among the Zapatecas. The cross was venerated as far as Florida on one side, and Cibola on the other. In South America, the same sign was considered symbolical and sacred. It was revered in Paraguay. In Peru the Incas honored a cross made out of a single piece of jasper: it was an emblem belonging to a former civilization.

Among the Muyscas at Cumana the cross was regarded with devotion, and was believed to be endued with power to drive away evil spirits, consequently new-born children were placed under the sign.

Mayer says:

I cannot conclude the account of this god (Huitzilipotchtli) without referring to a tradition which is given in relation to him by Acosta, in his natural and moral history, book 4th,

chapter *xxiv*, and is repeated by Clavigero and Dr. McCulloh.

Two days before his festival, an idol representing him was made by the sacred virgins, of grains of parched corn and seeds of beets, mixed together with honey or the *blood of children*. This they clothed with a splendid dress and seated on a litter.

On the morning of the festal day this figure was borne in solemn procession around the city of Mexico, and then carried to the temple, where they had prepared a great quantity of the same paste of seeds and blood, of which the priests also made an idol, called "the flesh and bones" of Huitzilopotchtli.

After certain ceremonials and consecration, the image was sacrificed as they sacrificed their human victims, "and his body was *broken into small pieces*, which, *together with those portions called his 'flesh and bones,' were distributed among the people*" who, according to Acosta, "received the same with tears, fear and reverence, as if it was an admirable thing, saying that *they did eat the flesh and bones of God*, wherewith they were grieved. Such as had any sick folks," continues Acosta, "demanded thereof for them, and carried it with *great reverence and devotion*."

This extraordinary ceremonial was no coinage of the Spanish priests, for Acosta calls it "*a communion which the devil himself, the prince of pride, ordained in Mexico, to counterfeit the holy* sacrament!

STRUCK TO THE HEART.

POOR Patty Mayborn! she felt so useless and delicate among the great girls; and it had hurt her so—it seemed to strike against her heart—when she heard one of them say to the other—

"Only think! her mother takes in washing!"

It had never occurred to her before that there was anything to be ashamed of in the calling her mother pursued. To be sure, she remembered that when her father was alive they lived in a pretty cottage, and the mother only washed once in the week, and seemed to do it with a pleasant face and with singing. Now she never sang, and seldom smiled. It also occurred to her that most of the girl's mothers did their own washing. As a general thing, Hillstown people were not rich.

The child—she was but nine years old, and exceedingly sensitive—pondered it over as she tried to study her lesson. The look of scorn, the thoughtless pointing of the finger, the expression of the voice, all were repeated by active memory. The effort to banish this unpleasant scene, and to study at the same time brought on a nervous headache, to which she was often subject.

"If you ever have one of your headaches, dear," her mother had said to her more than once, "go and tell Miss Green, and she will let you come home. I have spoken to her about it."

It happened that Miss Green had come to school that morning irritable from a disappointment. The disappointment, whatever it was, had come in a letter, and the girls who knew Miss Green best, read in her face that no allowances would be made that day, and redoubled their diligence.

It would have taken strong nerves to ask a favor of the teacher, but pretty, pale little Patty, knew nothing about that, and when her head ached so that the letters began to spin, she put her book aside, and marched confidently toward the desk. Miss Green was writing. She looked up with a frown.

"Oh," said she to herself, crossly, "it's that washerwoman's daughter! Well?" was the sharp interrogation.

"Please, Miss Green, my head aches."

"I can't help that," said Miss Green.

"Mother said you'd let me go home."

"Go back to your seat. I never let the children go home without written excuses."

The manner and the tone, not the words, hurt. It was the second time the little heart had been cruelly wounded. The child burst into tears, with a cry of "mamma! mamma!" and Miss Green, very angry, ungently pushed the weeping girl before her till she had reached her seat.

"You must stop your crying," she said, sternly.

"I—I can't," was the sobbing response.

"Then I shall punish you."

The child looked up gaspingly in her effort to be quiet, but in vain. The tears would run out of the frightened, wide-open eyes, and the sobs would choke her poor little throat—and oh, her head did ache so! The blood seemed to gallop through the veins, and great throbs beat, beat at each temple, as if two wounded and suffering hearts had been placed there.

"I see you don't intend to be quiet, and I can't have you disturbing the whole school," said Miss Green, taking, in her irritated state of mind, an almost malicious pleasure in the sorrow she saw before her. "I shall stand you up on a bench, and if you don't stop then, I shall put you in a dark closet."

"Oh," cried the child, shaking from head to foot, "don't punish me! Mamma *never* does!"

"No, I should think not by this behavior," retorted Miss Green, elevating the child upon a bench higher than the rest. "I teach children to control themselves. Stand up; if you are stubborn, I shall whip you. Now you are to remain there till you stop disturbing the school with your noise."

Poor little Patty felt as if she were the only and the wickedest culprit in all the world. Her tears and wretchedness had thrown her into a profuse perspiration, and unfortunately there was a strong east wind blowing through the room, exactly in the center of which the child stood.

She grew suddenly very calm, bore the stares of the scholars, some of pity, some of malice, till the maps and all the heads before her began spinning round and round.

There arose a great cry, and the school sprang to its feet. Little Patty had fallen head foremost to the floor.

The mischief was all done, and nothing could be gained by either sorrow or remorse. The girl whose scornful speech pierced the child's heart may have thought of it, as, a week later, she looked within the little coffin, and heard the clods fall heavily. For there was a sad and terrible ending—first fever, during which the child begged Miss Green continually not to punish her—and then death.

The poor mother, who had lived and worked only for her little daughter, never held up her head again. For six weary months she toiled with the grip of the destroyer tightening on her vitals, and then she, too, laid calmly down to rest.

But Miss Green was always haunted by that timid, white face, those scared blue eyes, the plaintive voice. It was a lesson that would never need to be repeated. Henceforth she was tender and gentle to all little children for Patty's sake, and the child's memory became a sacred influence permeating her whole school life.

WHEN General Robert E. Lee, Commander of the Confederate armies, came home from the war, his wife found *unopened* a bottle of brandy she had placed in his trunk to be used in case of sickness. *He never touched tobacco.* He refused promotion to an officer who drank, saying, "*I cannot place in control of others one who cannot control himself.*"

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW JOHNNY SAVED THE RAIL-ROAD TRAIN.

"I DON'T suppose, mother, little folks like me can do very much in the world. It don't seem as if I could do much good," and Mrs. Tompkin's eight-year-old Johnny planted his chin on the palm of his chubby little hand and looked up into her face.

She smiled, and gave Johnny a pleasant look as she suspended the play of her bright knitting-needles. "I shouldn't agree with you there," she said "Johnny." Little folks can't do much in themselves, but add God's strength to a little boy's weakness, and I think one can do a great deal."

Johnny sat in silence a little while, looking into the crackling, open wood-fire, and then said his prayers and went to bed.

The next day, towards of evening, Johnny was down at the rail-road station.

Trains were coming and going at a great rate. In a little while it was more quiet, and then came the train of which Johnny's father was conductor. Johnny called out, "Here I am, father!" and glad enough was a man wearing a blue cap, decked with gilt stars, to get hold of Johnny's hand. Mr Tompkins, when the passengers had left, stepped back into the cars, and Johnny went with him.

"Stay here, Johnny in this seat, and I will come after you," and Mr. Tompkins placed Johnny in a warm seat near the stove in a rear car. The train stopped over night at that station, and Mr. Tompkins thought he could safely leave his little boy in the car a minute or two.

From that station down to the next, at Rowe's factory, it was a down-grade all the way. Start a car at the station above, and it would jog along itself, going more and more rapidly, till it reached Rowe's factory, where the grade changed. And what should Johnny's car conclude to do but start off for a little trip on its own account to the factory? The brakeman had carelessly unshakled it, not understanding an order given him, and when the locomotive ahead happened to back the train a little, it went bump against the rear car, and started it on an undesirable journey.

Johnny was startled when he looked up and saw that the car was in motion, and a good deal frightened when, seeing nothing before or behind the car, he knew it was loose, and cruelly running away with him in the dark.

Just then he caught the flash of a sharp red light away down the track!

His heart gave such a jump! He knew enough about the trains to understand what it all meant.

"A train! A train," he thought, "and we shall surely go," Johnny hardly dared finish the thought. If he had it would have been, "go—crash into one-another!"

There came into his mind the words of his mother about a little boy's weakness and God's strength. He dropped on his knees there in the aisle of the car, and asked God to help a little boy in a run-away car.

He opened his eyes and saw away down the track the sharp, fiery light. One light made him think of another. There was his father's red lantern all lighted near the stove. Why couldn't he wave it at the car-end toward the approaching train? Wouldn't the engineer see it?

He snatched the light, ran to the end of the car, and there he stood on the platform, waving the lantern.

"What is that?" said William Marston, looking from the cab window of the locomotive that was thundering along, bringing on the evening express. "A warning ahead!" said he to Jones, the fireman. At the same time he shut off the steam, reversed the engine, put on the air-brakes, and whistled the danger signal. What a sharp, shrill cry!

"What is the matter?" said the passengers, and a lot of black heads went bobbing out of the car-windows, like turtles coming to the top of the water.

"Danger!" called one to another, as they saw the light ahead waving.

The express came to a stop, and then commenced to back, back, going faster, faster, trying to get out of the way of Johnny's car, that was now dashing forward, the red light swinging steadily.

Away went the express in safety beyond the station at Rowe's factory, and Johnny's car was switched on a side track by a station hand, and came at last to a stop, as the grade changed at the factory and slanted up again.

When the passengers of the express, stepping out, saw a little fellow with a red light on the platform of the run-away car, and heard his story, cheer after cheer for him went up in the stillness of the night.

A purse of money for him was quickly made up, but that was little to Johnny compared with

the comfort he took in thinking he had saved perhaps a hundred lives, that might have been lost had the express train dashed into the run-away car, and everything been pitched down the steep bank.

So much for adding God's strength to a little fellow's weakness.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When and where was Joseph Smith, the prophet, nominated a candidate for the presidency of the United States? 2. What two candidates were before the people for the office at that time? 3. Why did the Latter-day Saints not feel like sustaining one of these two parties? 4. What were the words expressed by President Van Buren when appealed to by the Saints for redress for wrongs perpetrated upon them by the citizens of the state where they resided? 5. How did Mr. Clay express his sentiments and cool contempt for the people's rights? 6. What means were used to make known the nomination and policy to the country? 7. Quote two paragraphs from this pamphlet giving Joseph's views of the slavery question. 8. If his plan had been adopted would it not have saved an immense amount of blood-shed and treasure, and preserved peace in the land?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

1. Returning to Nauvoo from Rasmus, with what distinguished person did Joseph dine in Carthage, Hancock Co., Illinois? A. Judge Stephen A. Douglas.

2. During the conversation, what prophecy did Joseph make? A. That Douglas would aspire to the presidency of the United States, but if he ever turned his hand against the Latter-day Saints, he should feel the hand of the Almighty upon him, etc., and that he would live and see that he had testified the truth.

3. State briefly how this was fulfilled literally. A. Douglas did aspire to the presidency of the United States, and he did use his influence against the Latter-day Saints, thinking that he could gain popularity by so doing, but he miserably failed. He was deserted by his own friends, and died a disappointed man.

4. When did Joseph leave Nauvoo with his wife Emma, to visit her sister, living near Dixon, Illinois? A. On the 13th of June, 1843.

5. What occurred to Joseph ten days' later? A. He was arrested and brutally treated by J. H. Reynolds and H. T. Wilson of Carthage, Ill., without writ or legal process of any kind.

6. What prevented him from being kidnapped and taken to Missouri? A. The interference of friends in Dixon.

7. When he was finally brought to Nauvoo on a writ of *habeas corpus* and tried before a municipal court what was the result? A. He was released.

The names of those who answered questions on Church History published in No. 21 are as follows: Henry H. Blood, Jas. G. West, Lottie J. Fox, Annie Sylvia Sessions, Heber C. Blood.

A MISTAKE.

When little Guy began to go to that Pine Street school he heard the little boys and *girls* use by-words that he had never heard before, and in the first two or three weeks his mother began to fear that these silly words were taking a larger share of his attention than his lessons.

"Those children swear, mamma," he would say; "the girls all say 'my gracious!' and the boys say 'gosh,' and 'golly!' and they laugh at the little girls for saying 'gracious.' "

"That is not swearing, Guy," she exclaimed; "but it is silly and vulgar, and you must never repeat it." And he laid her words up in his heart and determined to remember them.

Not long after this his teacher in the geography class asked him this question, "What cape on the eastern coast of Central America?"

"Now if you look on the map you will see that it is Cape Gracias; but Guy was puzzled and stared at the floor in deep thought for a minute, then he looked up suddenly and exclaimed:

"It's Cape Gosh, ma'am."

The scholars roared, and the teacher looked astonished, but Guy blushed, and answered meekly:

"I—I don't know exactly, but it's one of the scholars by-words, isn't it, ma'am?"

Then the teacher explained to him that although "gracious" is sometimes used in this silly manner, it is a useful and beautiful word in its own place, while "gosh" and "golly," and words of that class are entirely meaningless and have no use or beauty in any place; and furthermore she told him that the Spanish name of this cape in Central America is spelled *Gracias*, and is not pronounced as we pronounce gracious.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1887.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SOME time since we received a communication from Brother David M. Ross, who is a district school teacher and a teacher in the Nineteenth Ward Sabbath school, in relation to the Question and Answer Cards which are furnished by the Sunday School Union for the use of Sunday Schools. He says that the idea has been advanced, in a discussion on the best methods of teaching, that, as these cards are issued by the Union, their use in the Sunday Schools is compulsory. He furnishes us with many quotations from the writings of experienced teachers to show that this question and answer method of teaching pupils is very hurtful and results in dwarfing the mind and injuring the memory, and that the learning of the words takes the mind away from the meaning. In relation to these quotations, he says, "If they are right, our cards are useless; for they usually crowd the memory, and even teachers are incapable of recollecting the exact words."

Every person who has bestowed any thought upon this subject and had any experience in teaching children, must be aware of the truth of the statements which are made concerning this method of teaching. To have children learn to repeat answers from memory to questions which are asked them concerning theology, or the Book of Mormon, the Bible, the Testament and other matters which are taught to them, and to memorize them, is to reduce them to mere machines. Such was not the intention in getting up many of the questions and answers which are printed for the use of the Sunday Schools.

It may be that there are teachers in the schools who endeavor to encourage the children in learning the words of the replies as they are printed and making this an effort of memory. But we trust this is not general.

The object in putting answers to these questions is to give the children, as well as the teacher, some idea of the subject and the proper manner of answering such questions as are asked. But no judicious teacher will make parrots of his pupils, to have them repeat by rote replies that may be framed in this manner. He will endeavor to awaken the intelligence of the child and explain the subject in such a simple manner to its understanding that it will be able to grasp the question and the subject referred to and answer with the understanding. Any system of teaching that does not accomplish this is a failure, and the children who are not taught in this way do not turn out intelligent students.

Our experience has taught us that in order to develop children's minds and to have them properly understand any subject that may be presented to them, it should be explained to them in the most simple language, and they should be encouraged to give their own explanations, so that the teacher may be able to gather from them whether they grasp the idea properly or not. Questions, therefore, should be accompanied by explanations; for there is scarcely any question that will embody the whole idea that ought to be presented to the child's mind; and when the subject is once understood by the child it will have no difficulty in making proper replies, though these replies may not be in the language of the printed answer, and, in fact, might be entirely different from it, so far as the words themselves are concerned.

We can assure our correspondent that the object the Sunday School Union had in view in printing questions and answers was not to dwarf the children's minds; it was not to teach them as parrots are taught; but to develop their understandings, and to assist the teacher in properly imparting correct information to the children of our Sunday Schools. These questions and answers are merely furnished as guide-boards for the use of teachers, and of the people also. But we agree with him and with the writers from whom he quotes, that to have the pupils required to memorize them and to answer exactly as the words are written is to tax the memory unnecessarily and to prevent the exercise of the children's minds in a way that would be most beneficial to them in arousing their thinking faculties.

A DREADFUL passion in its effects upon the human character is jealousy. The adversary seeks by means of this passion to destroy the happiness of the human family. The peace of innumerable households has been ruined by it. Friendships have been broken, and the most dreadful results have followed its indulgence. When jealousy possesses the soul, it transforms the one who yields to it in such a way that he or she seems like another being. Countenance, voice, gestures and manner are all entirely changed, so much so at times that the most intimate acquaintances would scarcely recognize the person. Those who are naturally amiable and affectionate and of sweet dispositions become entirely changed while under the influence of this feeling.

Jealousy frequently has its origin in causes which are entirely imaginary. As Shakespeare says:

> "Trifles, light as air,
> Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
> As proofs of holy writ."

This language describes jealously in a masterly way. Motes are magnified, trifles are enlarged. A husband entertains jealousy of his wife. Every trifle, however innocent, is converted into a justification for indulging in this feeling. Wives yield to the same influence, and the acts of their husbands, though they may be free from blame, are construed into causes of condemnation. Men become jealous of their fellows, and they view their conduct with suspicion, and everything they do receives a false coloring in their eyes.

Children should be taught to be very careful and not yield to jealousy. One of the best methods that we know of to counteract its evil effects is to pray for the person towards whom we may have an inclination of this kind. It is a good rule for Latter-day Saints, if they are inclined to indulge in feelings which are not proper towards any of their brethren and sisters, to kill the feeling in themselves by praying for these individuals.

If Satan can inspire the Saints of God with envious or jealous feelings towards their brethren, he will do so. The best way, however, to defeat him in this scheme, and to repel his influence, is to pray for the individual towards whom he may wish to inspire a feeling of dislike. It is by warring against these feelings that we stifle them. It is by resisting the devil that he flees. It is by constantly struggling against that feeling, with a determination not to yield to wrong desires, that we overcome them. It is the evidence of a narrow, contracted, envious spirit to indulge in the feeling of jealousy. It is

utterly unworthy of a Latter-day Saint and destroys the spirit of the gospel where it is yielded to.

Can children cultivate a different feeling? Certainly. It is for this purpose that the gospel is revealed and the holy spirit bestowed upon man. When children are filled with that heavenly influence, there is no room for jealousy nor envy; love fills the soul; and instead of causing them to look unfavorably upon any of their fellows, it causes them to view their conduct in a charitable light and to feel kindly disposed towards them. Broad-minded, right-feeling boys and girls have no room for jealousy in their hearts. They feel willing to let others live and enjoy themselves and prosper as well as themselves.

As we have had occasion to remark before in these columns, when we indulge in jealousy towards any person we elevate that person, even though an inferior, to our own level. No one is jealous of another upon whom they look as an inferior. And yet how frequently it is the case that persons who have no cause for this feeling indulge in it towards those whom they affect to despise! Companions may see in their fellows qualities which they do not possess, but this should not make them jealous or envious. They probably, on their part, have advantages which the others do not have.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.

BY GOAH.

IT is too common in this world of ours to attribute the success attained by various men to "luck." If one by energy, industry and frugality acquires wealth, he is called "lucky." If by perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge a rich store of information is gained, it is the person's "lucky" brain and surroundings that are credited with the result. If fame and honorable position are attained by integrity and faithful attention to duty, "luck" only merits praise, not the individual. Luck is, in reality, every person's birthright, for every human being is lucky in being born, but it is only *pluck* that will make men or women what they ought to be. Plucky not lucky men compose the ranks of inventors, discoverers, statesmen, philanthropists, mechanics and good and great men of all classes.

It cannot of course be denied that men are often born "to fame and fortune," but in this world of ours, and especially among the Latter-day Saints, where the blessings of God are dispensed so liberally, there is nothing to prevent a person of continuity and diligence from achieving success in any laudable undertaking.

Successful men are those who make opportunities, men who faithfully labor at everything honorable to which they set their hands. They meet no obstacle too great to overcome; they encounter no difficulty that cannot be brushed aside. Items of importance unnoticed by careless men, are by them seized and practically applied. There is no detail of their business, no trivial event occurring around them, but what receives their attention, and atoms of knowledge are daily added to their constantly increasing store.

What a resolute man can accomplish is illustrated in the life of John Shore, who once served as a clerk in the service of the East India company.

One day, when he was toiling at his desk in Calcutta, an old gentleman said to him:

"Young man, make yourself useful, and you will succeed."

The words sank in young Shore's memory, and became the rule of his life.

What other clerks neglected, he was willing to do.

He became known as a serviceable man, and was promoted to a petty judgeship. In a single year he decided in six hundred cases. The decisions were so satisfactory that he gained a judicial reputation.

The governor, the famous Warren Hastings, discovered that the industrious young civilian had mastered the Hindoostanee, Arabic and Persian tongues. He was summoned from his petty judgeship to occupy a high station, where his linguistic knowledge would benefit the company.

There he proved so faithful to his rule, and so able, that he he was given a seat in the Supreme Council of Four, which, with the governor ruled India.

Elevation stimulated him to more work. His colleagues disliked drudgery. What they shirked, Shore attended to, gladly finding in their neglect an opportunity to make himself useful. Hastings was recalled, but under Lord Cornwallis the ever-useful Shore lived up to his precept.

One day, the great prime-minister, Mr. Pitt, looked around to find a man to carry out a pacific system in the government of India.

He discovered him in the industrious, unambitious man, whose purpose was to do with *might* what his hand found to do. Pitt made him Sir John Shore, and the governor-general of an empire. He was known as the ruler whose maxim was "Honesty is the best policy."

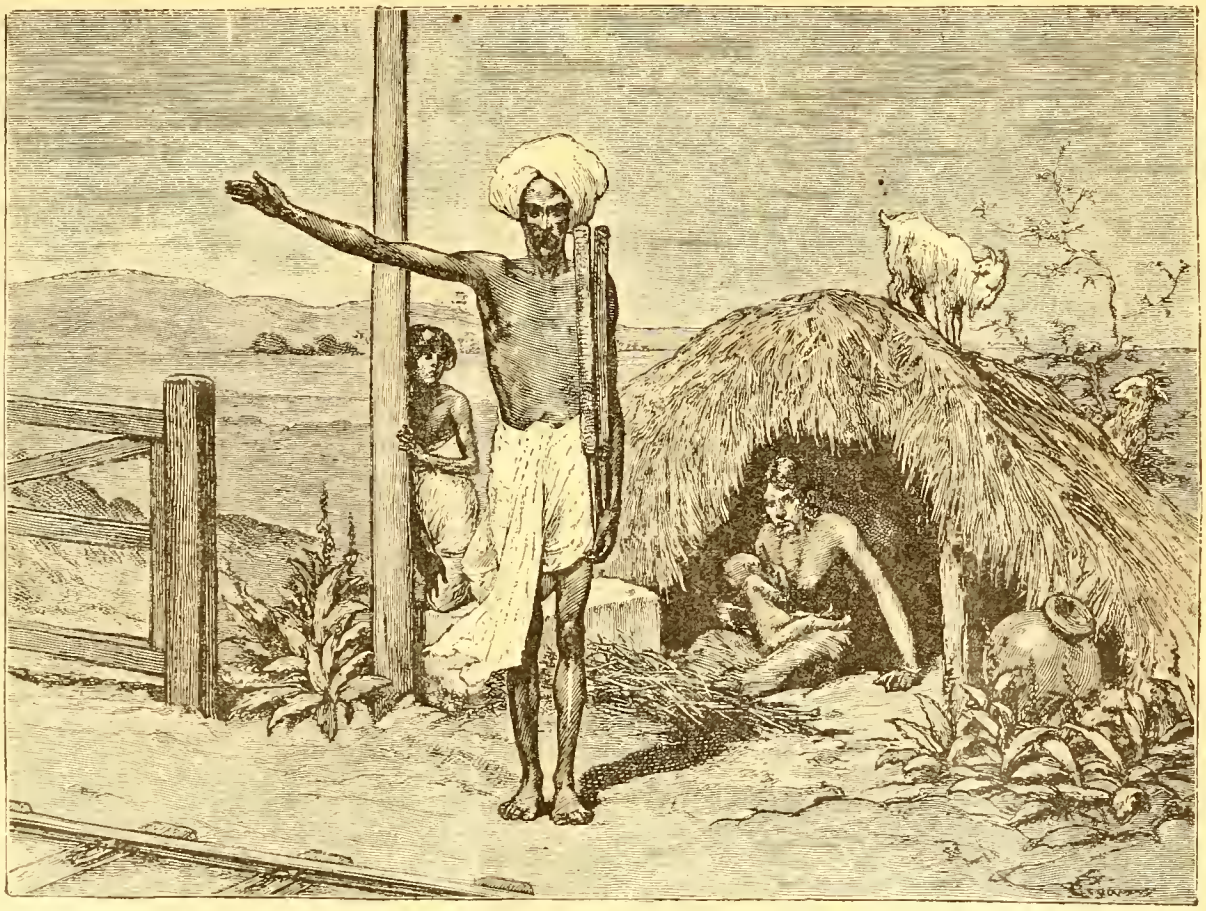
After four years' service, he was recalled. Enrolled among the British peerage as Lord Teignmouth, he again sought for opportunities to make himself useful. Serving as a local judge, he made himself eminent by his judicial purity and good sense. He watched over his family and his poor neighbors. He became the first president of that great British and Foreign Bible Society, which has gained a world-wide reputation. When he died, men reflected that his life showed what talents, such as multitudes possess, could do, when under the guidance of good sense and industry.

MOST of us wish God would use us for some great purpose, but very few of us are so given up to Him that we are in a condition to be used for a great purpose—or a small one, often, for that matter. God is a great deal readier to use willing servants who proffer themselves to Him unreservedly than we are to proffer ourselves unreservedly to Him. We would all like to be *taken* for high and holy service, but God wants us to *come* and submit ourselves to whatever duty He sees fit to assign us. It is first enlistment and then promotion, not promotion and then enlistment.

HE who really wants to go to heaven will conform his life, as nearly as he can, to the standard which he understands to be the standard of heaven. He, however, who proposes to live according to his own tastes so long as he has the choice of a personal choice, with a hope of finding himself in heaven when he can no longer control and direct his own action, is evidently desirous of having heaven conformed to his standard, rather than of conforming himself to heaven's standard But the limits of heaven are a fixed factor: and he who is unwilling to put himself within those limits must stay outside.

A RAILROADER IN INDIA.

THE gaunt-looking individual in our engraving is a signalman in the employ of the railroad company in East India. Behind him are to be seen his wife and children who occupy the miserable hovel and are pleased to call it a home. The introduction of railroads into that far-off land has thus far done but little towards civilizing some of the natives in the country districts. They still go about without clothing, except a cloth fastened about their loins, and live in dirty huts where cleanliness is unknown. Their food, which is of the coarsest kind, is frequently eaten in an uncooked state, and they are totally unconcerned about the future and can certainly not be charged with caring for the morrow as to what they shall eat, drink or wear.



Railroads in India are of recent introduction, and are mostly owned by the government. The labor of building them, at least that part of the construction which required no particular skill or ingenuity, was obtained at an exceedingly low rate, and the wages of the natives now employed on the roads is a mere pittance. Still, living in that country, where a small amount of light clothing is sufficient, and sleeping in the open air is not unpleasant, is much cheaper than it is here, and the inhabitants have not yet got such inflated ideas about the amount of wages they should receive.

India is an exceedingly rich country. The soil is fertile and yields immense quantities of grain, while the exportations of carved and plain ivories, pearls, diamonds and gold which have occurred for hundreds of years have made many believe that the country was the El Dorado of the world, where boundless wealth awaited the adventurer who would go there. Even in very early historic times rulers were induced to send their armies in the direction of India with the hope of adding to their dominions a country of such enormous wealth as they supposed it contained. Cyrus the Great is credited with having sent an expedition to the confines of India, but it is said that every one of the company perished in the deserts of Southern Baluchistan. Darius renewed the attempt to invade the country and was so far successful that a considerable number of his men penetrated inland for several hundred miles and brought back thrilling stories of the immense wealth which the peninsula contained.

Alexander of Macedon, however, is worthy of credit for his successful entrance into the hitherto almost unknown land. His route of travel is the very one now occupied by the railroad. His progress was retarded somewhat by the people who feared his rule, but he came with the expectation of resistance from the natives, and it required but little time for him to drive them back and take possession of whatever territory he desired. His expedition was anything but injurious to the inhabitants, for he established many cities, explored many rivers, selected suitable sites for harbors, and opened communication with western people which was mutually beneficial. The routes traveled by this conqueror were never forgotten.

The next great invasion of this part of Asia after that of Alexander was the Mohammedans', who from the beginning of the eighth century began to get possession of the northern parts. When, however, the Cape of Good Hope had been doubled by Vasco da Gama, and Europe was thus brought into close communion with India, the advance of the Moham-

medans was checked and their rule in India permanently ceased.

The beginning of this century saw the English people gradually making subjects of the natives, and it was not long before the lesser states consented to annexation to England, and now the Empress of India, or Queen Victoria, holds undisputed sway over more than two hundred and sixty millions of people in that remote country.

The Indian climate is mild but is liable to very sudden changes. Hurricanes are not uncommon, and because of the density of the population they are very destructive in their effects. The track of a cyclone can often be traced by the ruined cities it leaves, and whole communities have been destroyed by the maddened elements.

The labor of civilizing some people of India will be very great. In some respects they are inferior to the Lamanites. Yet, there are doubtless many of the blood of Israel among that nation, and when the gospel has found access to their hearts there is no imperfection of mind or body but what the faithful among them will be able to overcome.

SORROWS.

BY S. V.

There are moments in every life
  That imprint on the soul such a trace
That the future, with varying scenes,
  The impression can never efface.

There are sorrows that sweep o'er the heart
  With a crushing and 'wildering force,
When each power seems numbed with the pain
  And, unheeded, life drifts on its course.

There's the sorrow of frustrated hope,
  And the sorrow of realized fears,
And the sorrow of friendship betrayed
  That's too deep for the solace of tears.

There's the sorrow of severed heart-ties
  And, ah me! it is bitterly keen,
For the yearning and suffering and pain
  Are the deeper for being unseen.

There's the sorrow that hovers around
  When with death we have pleaded in vain;
Then the glow of the sun seems to mock
  And the softest of music is pain.

There's the sorrow that darkens our joy
  When a heart that we love is in grief;
Of the chalice how gladly we'd drink
  If thereby we might purchase relief.

There's the sorrow of penitence deep
  With its tears of remorse falling fast;
But God's angels are gathering these drops
  To efface the dark stains of the past.

There's the sorrow that watches and prays
  For the sin-trammeled soul of a friend;
But we know angel-voices and tears
  With the pleadings of this sorrow blend.

There's the sorrow of useless regret,
  And its misery God only knows—
'Tis a sorrow that coming too late
  With the bitterest anguish o'erflows.

Unto great souls come many such griefs,
  To the weaker God measures but few,
Just as some plants draw life from the sun
  While some thrive by the night's gentle dew.

But far down in each heart's aching depths
  Still the first sorrow sacredly lies
Where we buried it deep in the past
  From the searching of curious eyes.

Soon it finished the mission assigned
  And its work was too faithfully done,
For the shadowless spirit it changed
  To a clouded and suffering one.

Yet we ever thank God that it came,
  Thro' the years that pass wearily slow,
For 'tis only the sorrow-taught soul
  That can weep o'er another heart's woe.

CAUTIONS IN EATING.

1. Of course, don't eat too much. The digestive fluids are limited in quantity. All above enough is undigested, irritating and weakening the system, and often causing paralysis of the brain by drawing on the nervous force more rapidly than it is generated.

2. Don't eat between meals. The stomach must rest, or it will sooner or later break down. Even the heart has to rest between the beats.

3. Don't eat a full meal when exhausted. The stomach is as weak as the rest of the body.

4. Don't take a lunch at noon and eat heartily at night. The whole digestive system needs to share in the rest and recuperation of sleep. Besides the tendency is to put a full meal into a weakened stomach.

5. Don't substitute stimulus for food, like many women who do half a day's work on strong coffee or tea. As well, in the case of a horse, substitute the whip for oats.

6. Don't have a daily monotony of dishes. Variety is necessary for relish, and relish is necessary for good digestion.

7. Don't eat blindly. There can be nothing in the body—muscle, membranes, bones, nerves, brain—which is not in our food. One article furnishes one or more elements, and another others. We could starve on fine flour. Some articles do not nourish, but only warm.

8. Eat according to the season—one-third less in Summer than in Winter. In the latter season, fat meat, sugar and starch are appropriate, as being heat-makers; in the former, milk, vegetables and every variety of ripe fruit.

9. Eat with cheer. Cheer promotes digestion; care, fret and passion arrest it. Lively chat, racy anecdotes, and innocent gossip are better than Halford sauce.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOMAS A. EDISON is one of the most remarkable inventors of the age. His achievements seem marvelous. He is called a wizard, because of his remarkable success in various directions. The latest invention with which he is credited promises to effect a wonderful and a complete change of the letter writing of the world. It is said that he has commenced the manufacture of the phonograph in such an improved form that it can be used for commercial purposes. This is an invention that he has had in hand for about ten years past. Ten years ago it was thought to be a very interesting machine, but was looked upon more as a toy than as anything that could be used for practical purposes.

About nine or ten years ago I saw and heard one of these machines in a committee room of the House of Representatives, where it had been brought to exhibit its remarkable powers to Members of Congress. Its performances were most interesting, and those who were present listened with wonder as it reproduced conversations and singing, which had been recorded by it, with such accuracy that the very tones of the voices of the speakers and singers were again heard and recognized. There was something weird and almost unearthly in this performance of the phonograph—a man to hear his own words repeated exactly as he uttered them, or a singer to hear the song he had given sung again as though it issued from his own lips!

From that time there has been but little heard of the phonograph. Now, however, it is said to have been perfected by its inventor.

In a recent interview Mr. Edison describes some of the features of his invention. He says the merchant or clerk who desires to send a letter has only to set the machine in motion, and to talk in his natural voice and at the usual rate of speed into the receiver. When he has finished the sheet, or phonogram as it is called, is put into a little box, which is made on purpose, to be sent by the mail. When the phonogram is received by the person to whom it is sent, he puts it into the apparatus which he has and the message is given out more clearly and distinctly than the best telephone message.

There is this advantage also: the letter may be repeated a thousand times, if necessary. The phonogram does not wear out, and it can be filed away for a hundred years, if needed, and be read at any instant. If a man should dictate his will to the phonograph, those who know the tones of his voice in life will never dispute the authenticity of the document.

Another great advantage which the inventor claims is, that the cost of the phonogram will be scarcely more than the cost of ordinary letter paper.

Mr. Edison asserts that he has taken down the music of an orchestra by his phonograph. Each instrument can be perfectly distinguished—the violins, cellos, the wind instruments and wood. The phonograph will give out a piece for any instrument, for the piano, for the orchestra, or for an act or the whole of an opera, or any musical instruments and voices, with a distinctness that is almost incredible.

Mr. Edison says that some things of his perfected phonograph are so extraordinary that he scarcely expects people to believe in them; yet he says that the apparatus is so simple and so effective and useful that it will be adopted as a business instrument more quickly than the telephone was.

Whether all the capabilities of this instrument are as described, or not, I cannot say; but after what has been done with the phonograph it is not incredible to believe that great improvements may have been made.

There are powers in nature of which, at the present time, we have very little conception. Our ancestors, had they been told of the wonders that we now behold, would have deemed them utterly incredible. To think that, buried in the ocean depths, a small cable will convey over immense distances conversation with the speed of lightning; or, by the aid of a wire, the tones of the human voice, in conversation, can be heard for scores of miles! The human imagination cannot conceive of the discoveries that will yet be made, exceeding the most romantic stories of fiction.

Many years ago, before President Young's death, President John Taylor advanced the idea, in the old Tabernacle, that every man carried within himself the means of registering his thoughts and words. He carried about in his own person the the record of all that he had said and done.

The Savior, on one occasion, said,

> That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.
> For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

With such an instrument as the phonograph the very tones of the human voice may be preserved. There are, doubtless, means well known to our Almighty Father to preserve in the most perfect manner a record of our entire lives. This method must be exceedingly perfect when as the Savior says, every idle word that men shall speak they will have to give an account of. Nothing will be lost. Nothing will be forgotten. But each will have to face a record which cannot be questioned, and which will be beyond all dispute. By it men will be justified, or by it they will be condemned.

This is a solemn reflection.

Go where we will, penetrate the remotest depths, ascend the greatest heighths, bury ourselves in the deepest solitudes or live far removed from all human companionship, and yet we cannot escape from Omniscience. We cannot even escape from ourselves. We carry with us the register of our own thoughts, words and acts. By means which, doubtless, are very simple to an immortal and exalted being the record of our words and deeds are preserved, and we shall have to meet them and be judged in the light which they furnish—either to our justification or our condemnation.

If man's inventive powers can produce an instrument like the phonograph, by means of which utterances can be preserved and reproduced, with the tones of the voices of the speakers, hundreds of years hence, what may we not expect from the boundless knowledge of our God! Who can conceive of the facilities which He possesses for preserving a perfect and undisputable record of the thoughts, words and acts of each soul of the whole human family in all the generations of men? How easy with such means at his control to judge men for their words and acts! And how careful we should be of our words and acts!

In the light of all this what wonderful significance there is in the words of the Psalmist:

> O Lord, thou hast searched me and know me.
> Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.
> Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
> For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

THE TRUE BROTHER.

(*Concluded from page* 339.)

SHE lifted herself drearily, and let her hands fall. The face, sharpened yet flushed by disease, was strangely beautiful. Though the blue eyes were sunken, and the lines of the once scarlet lips were tinted with a purple hue, still it was a tender, pitifully-sweet face.

"I shall never forget how you took me in that night, and how you have tended me ever since. God will bless you for it."

"Why, He does bless me, deary; He does day by day. He's been my stay ever since Tom died. What could I ha' done else? And as to your coming as you did—why I've always looked upon it as He sent you. I only wish I had the means, deary, you shouldn't go from here to no hospital. But, heart alive, it's for your good and bein' cared for, as moves me to wish you there."

Here the door was opened by an odd-looking woman, with a man's straw hat thrown over her tangled tresses.

"It's a gentleman," she said shortly, "come to see the lady." And the woman disappeared.

"I wonder if it is Ben," cried the invalid, growing even paler, "oh, I can't see him!"

"It's Charlie," said a grave, sweet voice. "Charlie, who used to play with his little sister in the long-ago happy days. Lillian, wont you welcome me?"

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie!"

The very agony of joy was in the voice. "I didn't think you'd come, I felt you must all hate me; and now that I have seen you, I don't mind the suffering. Night after night I have longed for you, dreamed of you, dreamed that I was back in that happy time among you all, and then to wake to this dreary, miserable life!"

"Hush, dear!" She was sobbing now, sobbing on his shoulder as he knelt there, his arms about her.

"How is Ben?" she asked, after a little pause.

"He is well," said Charlie, but with such a look of pain that Lillian knew at once she could never go back to the old home.

"You will come and see me sometimes," she whispered "wherever I am?"

"I have come to stay with you," he answered, in his firm, sweet voice. "You are ill, you need a home, attention, comforts. I saw rooms for rent down stairs, neat and attractive; I shall take them, and see that you are cared for as long as you live. This good lady, no doubt, will see that they are made ready for us."

"Indeed I will, then," was the quick response; and it was not long before Lillian was carried down stairs in the strong arms of her brother laid upon a lounge, and wheeled up before a blazing fire. The sun shone in through parted curtains, and soon there stood beside her a table spread with dainties, to tempt the sickly appetite.

"Oh, Charlie, how good you are!" she murmured. I was in despair: I had lost faith in God and man almost. I cannot thank you, my heart is too full. I am dreaming, surely I must be dreaming."

The dream was something very real then. Happy days and months passed, and a year had gone by. Lillian had been treated with the utmost tenderness and consideration. Charlie anticipated all her wants. The choicest fruits, the costliest delicacies, were always within her reach.

The best books, the easiest carriage, the kindest nurses, were always at her command. All these things her brother lavished upon her. One day she called him to her. She took his hand in her wasted fingers, and looked up into his face with a look which only the dying give.

"Charlie," she said, "I want to tell you something. Before you came I wanted to die; I meant to die. I had no power of endurance, nobody to love me. All was dark within and without. But, blessed brother, you came, and you have denied yourself for me; something tells me so. You have devoted yourself to one who never did you good, but harm. Through you I have learned to love our truest and best Friend; for you are like Him. You are my Christ-like brother."

She died that night. How beautiful she looked in her coffin! All traces of care and suffering gone forever. As Charlie bent over her, he heard a heavy sob, and turning, saw Ben.

"I wish I could have asked her to forgive me," he said. "You have done right, Charlie; I have done wrong. God forgive me!"

Let us hope that the prayer spoken in that still presence was answered.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams, "on the just as well as the unjust." Such a disposition will yield a rich reward, for its happy effects come home to you and brighten your thoughtful moments. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to your thoughts, adds grace to the countenance. Joubert says, "When you give, give with joy, smiling." Smiles are little things, and cheap articles to be fraught with so many blessings both to the giver and receiver; pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of everyday life. They are the higher and better responses of Nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them—those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find sympathy for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who need them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of the Summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you, who are rejoicing in the fulness of your life.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

BY R. H. D.

"YES, I think I may say without boasting that this is the model school of the state, and Clarence Terry is its model scholar."

Mr. Pigeon, as he spoke, glanced at a slight, tall boy at the head of the class.

"Always first. Recites page after page without the break of a syllable. Obedient, gentlemanly, in short, sir, if you discover a fault in that boy, you must have keener eyes than mine."

It was Mr. Pigeon's last day in the academy. He had been appointed to a professorship in a college, and the new teacher, Mr. Nagle, had arrived to take his place. Mr. Pigeon, in fact, was inaugurating him in his office.

"Here is the roll of names," he said. "I have added a remark to each which may give you a hint of the characters of the boys. You will find it useful.

Mr. Nagle looked it over.

" 'John Steele'—which is John Steele?" he asked.

"The loutish, red-haired lad at the end of the bench. You'll observe the vacancy in his face.

Now opposite John Steele's name was written, "The good-for-nothing."

As the boys changed class, Mr. Pigeon whispered, "I am almost forced to believe that that boy's mind is impenetrable, so far as knowledge goes."

Mr. Nagle paid more attention to John Steele than to any other boy that afternoon. It was undeniably a bad case. He was in the first pages of the Latin grammar, while the other boys of his age were reading Virgil.

John stumbled over the first declension, breaking down invariably in the vocative. He bounded France by Russia, and moved Canada in a lump down to South America.

Mr. Piper had a taste for poetry; he read with fine effect, and was anxious that his boys should acquire the same taste. He was in the habit of reading some brief poem to them at the close of the morning's exercises. To-day he chose Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." The boys were encouraged to give their opinions on it.

"How does this poem affect you, Clarence?" asked Mr. Pigeon.

"They are most noble verses, sir," said the lad fluently. "We might take some of them as a motto for our lives."

"Very true. Good criticism. And what did you think of them, John?"

"Didn't think anything."

"You must have had some glimmer of an idea about them."

John's freckled face grew red.

"What was it? Out with it."

"Any man's a fool to be spendin' his time making foot marks on the sand!" burst out John. "Why didn't he build somethin'—somethin' that wouldn't wash away?"

Mr. Nagle smiled, and looked at the boy, puzzled. He managed to talk to most of the boys separately during recess, and among the rest John.

"I am sorry to see you so low in your class, John."

"I am always there," promptly. "Mostly foot!"

"We must try and bring you up," cheerfully.

"You can't do it, sir,"—looking him straight in the eye, and speaking with a ready decision that startled the teacher. "I study more than any boy here. I can't learn. I'm of no account, Mr. Pigeon says.

Mr. Nagle was very patient with John. But after a few weeks, he, too, began to despair. The boy seemed to have absolutely no memory for words, and very little for ideas. If a rule in arithmetic or a fact in history was hammered into his head to-day, by to-morrow it was sure to be gone. As far as this poor brain was concerned, it certainly seemed as if nature preferred a vacuum.

One day John's mother called on Mr. Nagle. She was a little, anxious woman, dressed in deep mourning.

"Can you do nothing with the boy?" she said, the tears coming to her eyes. "He is all I have. His father is dead. I hoped to give him a classical course, and to see him in some profession."

"I will do all I can," promised Mr. Nagle. But his heart sank within him.

Leaving Mrs. Steele, he went down the village street. A crowd had collected about a trench which had been dug for some purpose. The doctor's horse had fallen into it and was struggling desperately to get out, the shelving yellow clay giving him an uncertain foothold.

Some of the men had struck him cruelly, and some were trying to urge him by dragging at the reins. All the others were looking on solemnly, with their hands in their pockets. Just then Mr. Nagle heard a clear, authoritative voice.

"Help me bring these planks, and put them in the trench!"

Surely that was John's voice.

To his surprise, the men listened to him. "What's your idea, Johnny?"

"The horse can help himself better than all of you can drag him. Only give him a solid footing."

In five minutes the poor beast had struggled out, with the help of two or three planks.

He limped as he was led off. Nobody noticed this but John.

"Stop a moment," he cried, and lifting the horse's foot, he picked out a stone from it with a little tool which he took from his pocket; for John's pocket was filled with little tools and queer, tiny mechanical contrivances.

"Who made them, John?" said his teacher.

"I did, sir,"—looking stupid again.

The next day, about dusk, Mr. Nagle was in the ferry-boat which crossed the river at that point. Several of his pupils were on board, coming back from a match of base-ball. Among them were Clarence and John.

When half-way across the river, there was a loud explosion, and Mr. Nagle found himself clinging to the deck rail, his legs in the water.

The boiler had burst with such force that the boat was shattered. A portion of the deck had parted from the hulk as the latter sank to the bottom of the river. There was a frantic struggle for life. Then the portion of the wreck he was on floated down stream.

About a dozen of the passengers clung to it. The night fell fast. The shore was but a fast-receding line with red twinkling lights.

Upon the shattered deck cabin hung a single life-preserver. John saw it, climbed like a cat to where it was, and brought it down.

"Give me that!" shrieked Clarence. "Oh give it to me! I can't swim!"

"It's for this woman."

There was but one woman among them, and she was old and lame.

"Give it to me, I say! Help! Help! We're drowning!"

He seized the life-preserver. John quietly took it from him and buttoned it around the old woman's waist.

Then he began to drag out one or two benches and boxes that were in the cabin.

Mr. Nagle noticed how cool and alert the boy was, in spite of his deadly paleness and trembling.

"We had better tie ourselves to these," he said. "This deck is so shattered it will go to pieces before they see us from shore."

Mr. Nagle, without a word, followed his advice. John was no Latinist and no poet, but he had one quality which made him a leader just then.

A few moments later the deck broke up, and Mr. Nagle found himself in the rushing current, but was picked up by one of the boats which were out in search of the victims.

The banks were lined with pale, terrified faces. As he was lifted on shore, he saw a boy dragged out of the water, and a poor little woman in black fly to him with a wild cry.

"I'm all right—all right, mother," gasped John; and then he cried on her breast like the child that he was. "I thought I'd never see you again," he sobbed.

Now there had been a stranger on board, a queer, wizened little man with a foxy wig. This man, who was among the saved, took up his quarters at the village inn, and presently there arrived by express a mysterious engine or pump, directed to him, which was placed in the hallway of the inn.

It seemed to have a curious fascination for John. He spent half his leisure time poring over it, measuring the tubes with his inch rule.

In front of the case there was a square of plate-glass. Now it happened that one day, while John was relaxing his mind by a game of ball in the street, he threw the ball plump into this costly bit of glass.

The other boys ran, and John ran too, but only for a few steps. Then he went home, went to his savings-bank, and took out the money which he meant for Christmas. He presented himself before the old man, who was looking at his shattered glass and taking snuff violently.

"I did that, sir. There is the money to pay for it. Will it be enough?"

"Oh, you did it, eh?" scowling at him. "Well, give me the money. What are you eternally prying into my press for, anyhow?"

"It's not a press. It's a pump. I understand it all except that wheel. I can't make out what that wheel is there for," staring at it, his hands in his pockets.

The old man talked to John awhile. That evening he called on Mrs. Steele, and sent up his card. "Peter Coplin, Machinist."

"I've had my eye on your boy, ma'am," he said abruptly, "for some time. Noticed him the night of the explosion. I'd like to take him with me and teach him my trade. He has a sound, practical head, that boy."

Mrs. Steele accepted the offer, and went with her boy.

Twenty years after, Mr. Nagle, then a judge in the State Supreme Court, tried a case in which the firm of Copley and Steele, engine builders, was plaintiff.

In the course of the suit, he became acquainted with the junior member of the firm, a man of high standing in his business, and of equally high repute as a man of probity and honor.

One day there was a sudden recognition.

"John Steele, the?"——

"Good-for-nothing. Yes," said John with a laugh; "and no better acquainted with the classics or the *belles-lettres* than then judge. I had but one talent, and I came very near burying it for life. Whenever I hear a boy despond because he has not a dozen talents, I say, '*Look for the one talent, boy! Look for the one!*' "

THE VALUE OF A CENT.

It is an old saying that, "A pin a day is a groat a year;" by which common expression, some wise man has intended to teach thoughtless people the value of small savings. We shall endeavor to show the value of a somewhat higher article, though a much despised one—we mean a cent.

Cents, like minutes, are often thrown away, because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are not economists of time, (and all the great men on record have been so,) take care of the minutes, for they know that a few minutes well applied, each day, will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man, by perseverance, may have accomplished some work useful to his fellow-creatures, and honorable to himself.

Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are rarely acquired in any other way than by small savings at first, and savings can only be made by habits of industry and temperance. A saving man, therefore, while he is adding to his general stock of wealth, is setting an example of those virtues on which the very existence and happiness of society depends. There are saving people who are misers, and have no one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom we are speaking; but, we may remark, that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive, is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree which, while it is growing, can be applied to no use, but at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift—a mere consumer and waster—who, after he has spent all his own money, tries to spend that of other people.

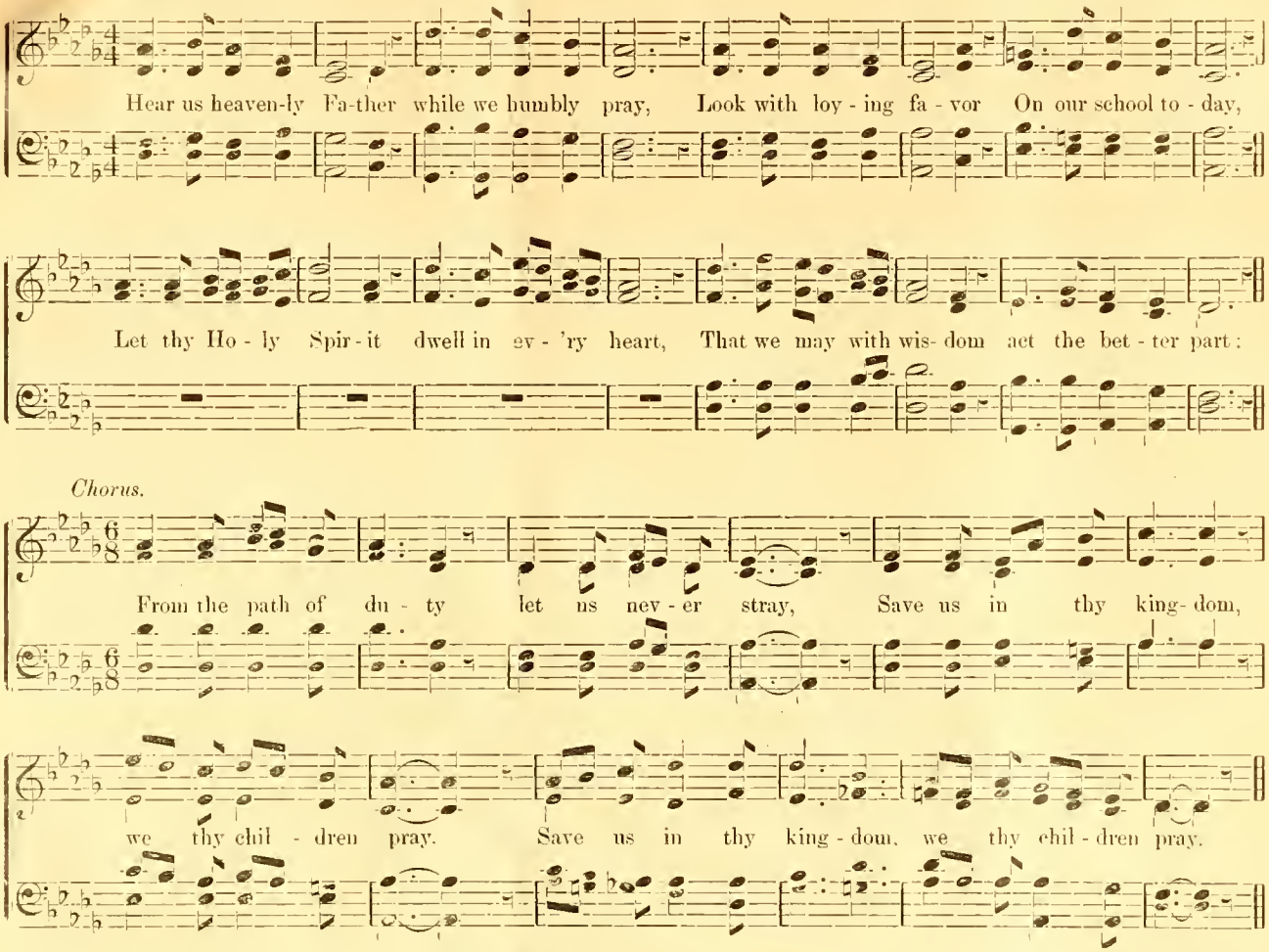
Suppose a young man just beginning to work for himself, could save but five cents a day—and we believe there are few that cannot do it. Who could not save this amount daily from his expenditures, without lessening his comforts? Yet this, with the accumulating interest, in the course of ten years, will amount to the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars, sixty-four cents; in twenty years, to six hundred and sixty-three dollars, fifty-eight cents; in thirty years, to one thousand three hundred and ninety-six dollars, sixty seven cents; in forty years, to two thousand eight hundred and fifty-five dollars, forty-two cents; and in fifty years, to five thousand three hundred and fifty-four dollars, thirteen cents.

It will appear, from this mode of calculation, that the amount doubles in about ten years. Let the process be continued two hundred years, and the trifling sum of five cents each day will produce a total of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars: equal, perhaps, to all the banking capital in the United States.

Whilst thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



Bless our Superintendent, and our teachers kind,
That in all their teachings we the truth may find;
Bless our loving parents who have sent us here,
May we live to cheer them and their names revere.

Father bless Thy Prophet, and his counsel, too.
And the Twelve Apostles guide in all they do;
Unto all Thy servants who are called to lead
Give Thy holy Spirit as each one may need.

Grant, Eternal Father, we may learn Thy ways,
Live unto Thy honor all our earthly days,
When the battle's ended, when the race is run,
May we be commended with Thy glad "well done.

TRUE RICHES.

WOULD we attain the happiest state
That here can be our share,
No fleeting pleasures should elate,
No grief beget despair;
No injury fierce anger raise,
No honors tempt to pride;
No vain desires of empty praise
Should in the soul abide.
In virtue's path the wealth of life,
True peace of mind, is found—
The greatest blessing God doth give
Or can on earth be owned.

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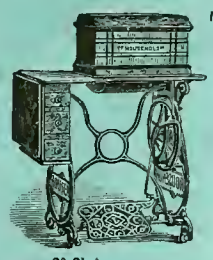

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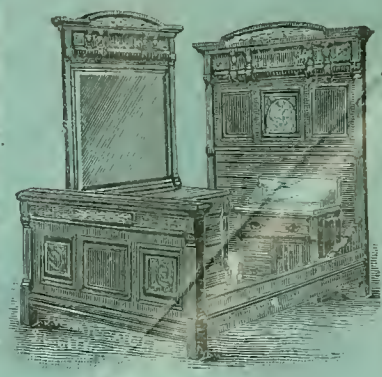

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